1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

623 614 their nephews took up the dancing for the gods, their interests were directed more and more toward the clan rule.

[887] "I do not dance any more," Sedefo had told us, "My sons dance Kromanti now. I must do now what is expected of a man of my years. I must see that our people act wisely in all things which touch this world, and the world of our ancestors."

A clan krutu was a self-sufficient unit made up of members whose maturity fitted them for looking after the worldly and supernatural welfare of their people, for in the larger organization of the tribe it was the clans who stood one with another in perfect equality to complete the whole—the Saramacca people.

614 681 622 The chieftain of the principal village of the clan was the clan head. In him was vested the right to speak for the large grouping, and in the krutu which he conducted the etiquette approached that of the tribal krutu in its intricacy. The village where the clan head lived was inhabited predominantly by his people. In other villages on the river his people might be one of several clan groups. Several villages were inhabited by three or even four clan groups, each of which had its own captain. But such villages were not the seats of clan heads. Where a clan chief ruled would be not only the clan krutu house, but the shrines raised to the important dead of the clan, the clan ancestors whose spiritual powers to help and advise the living were as great as the feats they had accomplished when alive. Here, too, [878] at the village where the clan head lived would be the shrines to the gods who had the clan under their special protection. Above all, here under the direction of the chief were not only those who guided the worldly destinies of the clan, but those who knew how to control the supernatural forces. Here were the obias owned by the clan, those spiritual and unique healing powers whose magic would respond only to the will of clan members who had undergone the training which taught them to operate those forces their ancestors had left for them.

1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

644 252 and tall as the Granman's wife herself, though in circumference no larger than the post of the house against which it leaned. The woven strands were caught together in the loops with which it was finished on top and bottom.

When it had been filled, the matapi was hung from the stub of a stout limb, and one end of an equally stout stick was inserted into the bottom loop, while the other rested on the ground. Now Wilhelmina and another woman sat down on this stick, and under the pressure exerted by their combined weight the matapi slowly contracted. A milky white fluid containing the poison which made the raw bitter cassava so deadly filtered through the woven strands, trickling into the gourd placed to receive it. Steadily the poisonous fluid was forced out until it was not long before the gourd was filled, and the cassava pressed dry. When there was much work to be done, and the white woman was not about to ask questions, the women would not waste their time sitting on the stick, but instead would suspend heavy stones from thongs tied to the bottom loop, and they were then free to be about their other tasks. Now, however, it was more amusing to sit and talk.

Whatever the method, when the meal was rid of the poison, it was worked through the sifter into a closely woven basket, and in that kneaded and made ready for baking on the large iron griddles. The use of the bitter cassava [111] they had learned from the Indians, and the names for the sifter and the cassava press were to this day Indian, as were their weave and shape, but the griddles came from the white man's city.

[415] [111] [88] "We use Indian water jars, too. The red pottery we do not make. But black obia pots are Negro things. These our old women mold," said the Granman's wife.

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644 286 As she spun cotton for the garters she would later make, the woman they called the Granman's younger wife sat and talked of working the fields. Her spindle, a small iron

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

they told us, though never willing to name the villages where they stood, whose walls were most elaborately ornamented with symbols marked in red and black and white, the three sacred colors which appeared on the stools and which the men used for painting their faces and bodies for the dances. On the upper river we had been told that these shrines were in the villages below, and on the lower river it was always intimated that it was up above where the great shrines stood. We had been told of stools which were whitened with sacred pemba, and blackened with soot in the *Fa'aka Pau* houses—the houses of the ancestral spirits—and of the covered whitened vessels which were in the Vodu and Apuku houses, the shrines for the bush and snake deities, placed there for the spirits when they chose to animate them.

So we found it in this house dedicated to the spirits of the bush.

The hut was narrow and long, with walls of woven palm, and a floor made of hard smooth clay into which bare feet had nevertheless worn grooves. To one side of the door stood a drum of the type called *tumao*—the long drum. It was cylindrical, and narrowed but slightly toward the bottom. White clay had once covered it, but now there were irregular lines of white marking the cracks in the wood.

On the other side of the door, against the same wall, lay several large balls of clay. These the old woman was keeping for the obia pots she would make from time to time. Among the Negroes of the town as well as in the bush, these black pots, made by women of the bush, were held to have great magical potency.

"I never make too many pots at once," the old woman said. "I make them for myself as I need them and for the young people of the family." A woman who had not passed her period of childbearing could not make them. "Obia pots are things for old, old women. I cannot tell you about making them."

Leaving these lumps of clay, the woman led us farther into the enclosure, until we stood in front of a raised altar

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

him about it as he came to take the white man through the bush trails to a neighboring village.

One of the girls who admired him had achieved this, but how she had managed to make the minute braids was difficult for us to see, for Bayo's hair the day before, long for him, had not seemed sufficiently yielding to permit of braiding. Yet here he was, his head covered with innumerable small braids which divided the white scalp into sections and showed lines where the many regular parts had been made. This made quite a new man out of Bayo. He was no longer the warrior who went without food because he was bored with the idea of preparing the food—a woman's task or, at best, that of an old man like his great-grandfather Bibifo who had cooked on the up-river trip. Now he was a dandy.

"Ai-yo!" he crowed back as we speculated on the labor that had gone into the creation. "It took her almost all the night! It is hard work."

"She must like you, Bayo."

"She likes me well, ai!"

"Are you going to have her for your third wife?"

"Who knows? But a man doesn't marry every woman who braids his hair."

Soon Bayo and the white man were off through the bush, Tross going ahead as scout. Back and across the path he would dart and for the white man, unaccustomed to the sounds of the bush, it was difficult to tell whether the rustling he heard was caused by the dog, or by the small animals stirred up from time to time. Once a snake coiled on the path moved lazily away as they approached; Tross had disturbed it, and the snake had no mind for more encounters. Once a small animal of some sort dashed across the trail ahead, the dog in close pursuit, and for some moments we could hear them tearing through the underbrush.

"Aren't you afraid that some animal will hurt Tross, Bayo?"

"He is a good dog. And I have put strong obia on him."